IV. Discidium (Forever and ever)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20603747.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Abigail Hobbs & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs
Additional Tags:	Love, Friendship/Love, True Love, Soul Bond, Episode: s03e07 Digestivo, Serial Killers, Mercy Killing, Mentioned of Abigail Hobbs, Obsession, Obsessive Behavior, Obsessive Love, Toxic love, Male Friendship, Romantic Friendship, Emotional Hurt, Hurt, Betrayal, Post-Betrayal, Forgiveness, Separations, Short One Shot, No Beta, no beta we die like men, Obsessive Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of нαηηιвαℓ 🍷🔪
Stats:	Published: 2019-09-11 Words: 459 Chapters: 1/1

IV. Discidium (Forever and ever)

by satans_dolly_boy666

Summary

> “The teacup´s broken. It´s never going to gather itself back together again,” he said. Without a context, one would assume we were true tea contemplators. But Will was not referring to tea or to the pottery at all.

Betrayal is a purely human act; incomprehensible to some, yet we all once deceived others no matter what.

How do we restore confidence once it is shattered? I have betrayed mercilessly, and I have been betrayed enough to count it.

Still, my first mistake was to weaken the bond of friendship. Will is different. In his attempts to murder me, I could only contemplate his remarkable ability to keep going forward without giving up.

Will attempted to betray me by selling my freedom, and I took it personal. In any case, my interest towards my friend made me forgive him. In return, he should also forgive me for what I would do.

I betrayed him in the cruellest way. I took away his children, an unborn baby and Abigail. Will, aftermath, said he forgave me, but I had a feeling he was still in a state of grief. Deep inside, I felt like my friend might never forgive me for my actions.

My interest, my love for Will made something of me to change. In our confrontation of betrayal, forgiveness and punishment, I do recall he claimed *"I've already changed you";* and he certainly did. As a result, I have saved him from death a number of times.

I understood then, I am not able to live separated from him, much as Will is not able to live apart from me.

"The teacup´s broken. It´s never going to gather itself back together again," he said. Without a context, one would assume we were true tea contemplators. But Will was not referring to tea or to the pottery at all.

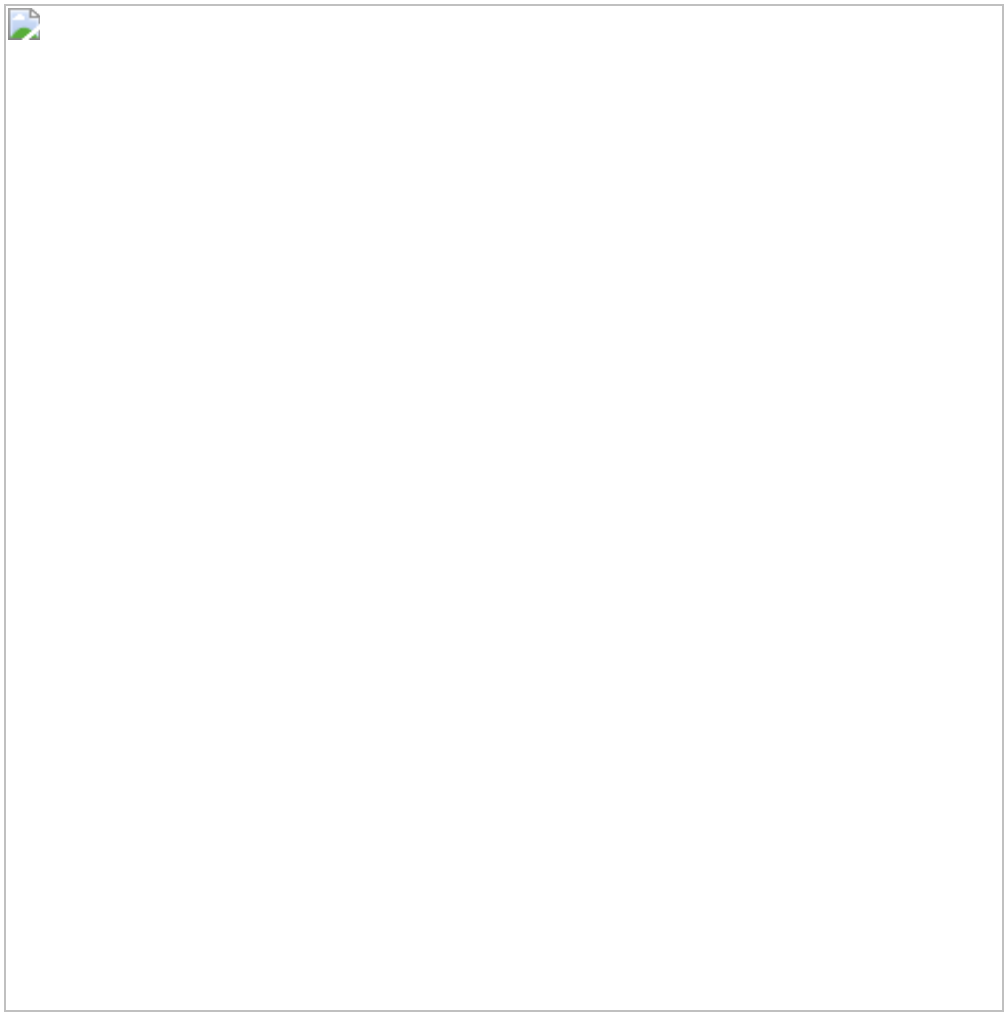
Then, I put myself in the role of a psychiatrist again.

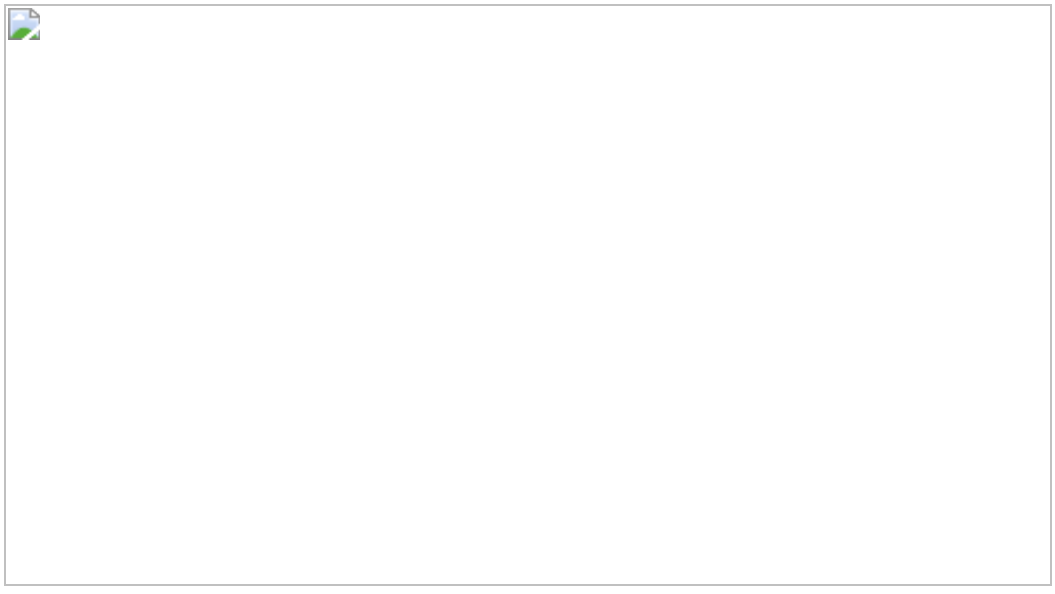
He sighed; at first, he refused to look directly at me. I could witness resignation and melancholy of what it was and it will no longer be again. When his eyes finally met mine, he made a smirk, a poorly made smile. *"I miss my dogs. But I´m not going to miss you."* I will not pretend his words had no effect on me, because they did.

"I´m not going to find you. I´m not going to look for you. I don´t want to know where you are or what you do. I don´t want to think about you anymore." I realized, perhaps, my betrayal to our friendship was paying a high price, and that price was our separation.

"You delight. I tolerate. I don´t have your appetite. ***Goodbye, Hannibal****."*

I would not allow it and the only viable solution was to surrender. That way, even if my freedom was taken away, Will would not be apart from me. He would be by my side, even if I were caged up.





Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!